

SPIRITUAL INTENSIFIER

"THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM."

VOL. VII. NO. 21.

THE SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

One Year, directly in advance of payment at two sides of payment 98
or Month
Three Months
To My Successors if I do not

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

➤ SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA AND THEIR SIGNIFICANCE

A NEW CHAPTER IN "THE STORY OF A LIFE" IS
STORY OF A LIFE LAG.

When I first saw her, she was living alone in a rented rooming house, surrounded by the poverty and excitement of the city, in which she appeared to take no interest. Some time later, I could not say anything of her financial history, but told her how hard it had been and how better days, that she might have ~~known~~ ^{known} I had in my life reached a higher rank in wealth, that I might have friends whom she could trust some of them could know her present situation. However, her wandering and drifting from her solitary home; her constant absence from her rooming place, and it was her own fault that she was making and losing money.

her story. Annie Lee left her father's home determined to rely on her own efforts. For a short time she found a home among the people of a distant village who employed her as teacher of a small school. There she became acquainted with an extraordinary but heart-hearted young man, whose vigorous virtues gained her heart's best affection. He soon married her and earned her life with wretchedness.

and felt that in the life and death contest in which she stood now for George, she could rely on herself alone and the little she had ever felt of religious influence was quickly dissipated and she looked forward here on the eve of the splendor of the Christmas season to be employed in some way she looked forward to the 15th night of the year. The employer in her article for all dependence with more than ordinary energy, and with more than ordinary wisdom. But over exertion in the course of years of such labor, she shows her result. For many months after George's death most all making proved fatal, but would upon her sinking frame, she continued to endure during the course of winter around and the gloom of solitude and disappointment which reigns within her home, relying still on her own strength. She would not realize the fact that she looked on a life more precious

~~REDACTED~~

party of friends were present, that the same young lady to whose clairvoyant powers reference has already been made, was suffering from an aggravation of her usual neuralgic affection, and wished to be relieved by magnetism. She soon entered the room and the same process by which she had before been relieved of other forms of disease, was again tried, and with the most satisfactory result. After the pain had entirely ceased, our subject seemed for some time to progress into a state of more perfect tranquility, and as she expressed it, into "inner light." At length she passed into one of those deep spiritual states in which the curtain between the material and spiritual worlds appears to be drawn aside. She seemed now to stand upon the confines of the eternal world, and in the conscious presence of those who had already passed away from earth. While she was looking around to see who of the many she had known in the world would come to greet her on her unexpected entrance among them, her attention was rather rudely demanded by one who had approached her unobserved, and now sat before her with folded arms and passive air, importunately soliciting her notice.

The vision, as we may designate our clairvoyant friend here, gazed at the Spirit and recognized Annie Lee. The meeting was not that of genial friends, but rather a distant arm-length recognition of persons who knew little of each other in life, and now in another sphere, saw in each other still more discordant materials which could never be harmonized. The presence of the Spirit seemed, at first, to give the seeress actual pain. She was startled as if shocked by a sudden and unexpected encounter with one who was not entirely friendly. A few moments were spent in conversation, in which the seeress complained that the Spirit had done wrong while on earth in presenting herself to the world in a false light. "Miss Lee, indeed?" said the seeress, "You ought to have told that you had been married."

The Spirit gave some reasons for concealing her real position, and after some minutes of earnest discussion, the seeress became more reconciled to the presence of the impatient Spirit. A long conference ensued. Annie Lee looked back upon the sad years of existence in the material form, and related some of the wrongs she had endured in the latter days of her life on earth. In recalling to her memory the schemes of life which had been abruptly terminated by her unexpected change of worlds, she remembered that the memorials of her own life, with its vicissitudes and sufferings, had been preserved by herself with the design of publishing them as a lesson for others. She has now seen that purpose frustrated, and all that she had written has been destroyed by the family with which she died. She was asked by the seeress whether any memorial of her had ever been published. She answered that a sketch had appeared in one of the city papers (*Dispatch*), and she perceived that nearly all the persons who were listening to the conversation had read it, and had recognized in it a true history of her life, so far as was known. It was supposed that it had been written by a gentleman whose name had often been spoken by her with respect. It was known that he had sometimes called upon her, but that he had lost sight of her on her going for a few weeks into the country, and that she had not afterward informed him of her return. Her distant friends might have supposed her still living for months after her death, for a quack advertisement continued to appear in the city papers to which the proprietor of a pretended remedy for consumption appended a certificate purporting to be signed by this much wronged woman, acknowledging herself almost miraculously cured, though she had already died before it was first published.

"MEDIUMS DEMANDING FEES."

A RESPONSE TO H. BROWN, BY MEDIUM.

CARDINALS, LEXINGTON CO., PA., August, 1864.

MR. BROWN:

In your issue of the TELEGRAPH of August 21, appeared an epistle with the above caption. The author wishes "some one to enlighten him on the subject, 'Mediums Demanding Fees,' also, to show 'the difference between buying and asking the gift of God.'"

Since I became a Spirit medium, many years ago, I have occasionally observed this subject agitated in the spiritual papers, and wonderfully mislaid as by the secular press, and, when alluded to by religious journals, only ridicule seemed to actuate both editors and authors.

I am told, go where I may, that "it is better to give than to receive; and very frequently, as might be expected, exhorted to practice the precept while denied a chance to preach it, being

only a medium. My ear is constantly grated by the raucous numbers of this one-string harp. Because I am a "medium," I must neither carry "purse nor scrip." After becoming such a personage, I am no longer entitled to the rights and privileges of my race. I thereby sever the connecting link that unites me to the rest of mankind. Thus, it appears, I sell my birth-right, accept a doom more degrading than slavery, and am no longer at liberty to live by my labor; but necessitated, as a recipient of heavenly gifts, to leave the field of honorable industry, take such victuals and clothing as people who "give but sparingly" see fit to offer, and consign the remainder of my life to the endurance of perpetual tribulation, humility and poverty. This I know, and I express myself in deep regret and sorrow, to be the condition of many mediums beside myself, who have hitherto earned a livelihood commensurate with their respective "titles."

"Freely ye have received, freely give," said the man of Nazareth, and so says he of Michigan; who, in all probability, is a second Nazarene. Well, the above "old saw," at first view, looks quite reasonable; but at a second view, it assumes quite a different aspect, which is certainly worthy of serious reflection. This subject, "viewed all round," requires all men not only to receive, but also to give freely. However, it would seem that some men inherit an enormous propensity, which will only allow them to look at one side of the picture, verifying an old adage current among the Scotch, which runs thus: "There are a great many me-tak's, but few me-gives in the world."

Had Mr. B. but pondered some things in his heart just five minutes, he might have discovered some propriety, yea, justice, in "Mediums Demanding Fees," on the rule that "the laborer is worthy of his hire;" but it is necessary to remember that, to show a little of the cloven foot, such a rule, in view of Christian propriety, is inapplicable in the case of a healing medium. This shows that people will act despotic, prey like vampires on the wealth of others, in the vain hope of improving their own. This is going up by the retrograde line, and promulgating civilization by tardy extermination.

The healing medium appears in the spouse of the physician, and with man can only be compared and contrasted. Nature makes the former, and Knowledge the latter. Pre-eminence, therefore, must be virtually attributed to him whose diploma is power—not paper; voluntary—not experimental; inherent and evective—not acquired and doubtful. The physician does not possess these superior claims; yet, by the healing medium, they are every day demonstrated. In this light the physician sinks into insignificance; the comparison is overwhelming. A contrast would precipitate him into oblivion. I will spare him the fate he merits; it will come more soon. While he survives, charity should be exercised. Thus it is that the mere boy-medium gives health to those sufferers whom celebrated and gray-haired "practical physicians" pronounce "incurable." If the right to demand a fee is justifiable at all, to whom, then, the healing medium or the physician, does that right belong? Shall the qualified be rejected and the unqualified be accepted? This mode of reasoning the subject appears so puerile, that the most favorable conclusion inevitably is with the healing medium. "The laborer is worthy of his hire." Hence Mr. B., who certainly possesses a marvellous penchant for "quoting Scripture," may, if he is not one of the "blind men that won't see," gain all the "light on the subject," he requires.

Again, respecting the "gift of God"—the gift of healing—Mr. B. wants to know the difference between him that offers money for it, and him that takes money by it. Mr. B. says "all the difference between selling and buying (said gift) is, in the one case the person offers to pay, and in the other he asks pay." This difference might be dispensed with altogether, without notice. It pertains to the difference between six and half a dozen. The construction of the question dispels it in air. The question, as it stands, amounts to nothing; but it must be proved. Well, you see, one undertakes to buy that which cannot be bought, and the other is charged with selling that which can not be sold. No individual can possess the healing-gift whose sympathies are not in rapport with suffering humanity. Goodness of heart is the indispensable condition by which the healing virtue can ingress and egress. Good-will is the emanation which conveys, at the instance of the Spirit-operator, spiritual properties from medium to patient. The process is strictly telegraphic. Yet all the good-hearted people in the world may not be used to the same extent as healing mediums; "many are called, but few chosen." Many rich men have good hearts, and

much of their wealth is unsurprisingly lavished on human purposes. In this respect, wealth, when it is used to ameliorate the condition of man and alleviate human suffering, is a blessing and its possessors are benignant mediums. The sympathies of such persons respond to the yearnings of distress. Thus attracted, many of these quiet philanthropists would willingly give their entire fortunes, could they only be as instrumental in relieving pain as they are in banishing want. When a wealthy person offers to purchase anything good, we are apt to conclude that he merely wants it for some selfish end. This is wrong. The poorest of us are liable to be suspected in the same manner; the difference is only in degree. Verily, for suspicion we have become proverbial. But to the subject. In the "sight of God," if you please, such gifts never have been, and are not, to my knowledge, salable; even although the buying or selling parties appear as worthy recipients, conditionally, constitutionally, or otherwise. The idea of buying or selling such gifts, arises from an erroneous conception of their nature. The medium is not the actual possessor of the healing virtues called gifts. They belong to the Spirit, and are given or withheld at his option. This oversight or misunderstanding has all along led my friend B. and others to blame and charge mediums for "turning the grace of God into lasciviousness."

Mediums must live. All are not free to go when they are called. Parents must provide for their children. If their time is occupied in healing, they earn their fees. Surely the man of Nazareth gave a sensible hint for a fee, when he said, "Freely ye have received, freely give." Many of my fellow mediums, who are suffering in many ways, on account of their extreme modesty and indecision, would be more fully compensated for their time and services, were they occasionally to offer a "dunning bill," in the shape of a Nazarene hint. Those whose hides are hardened by stripes, have passed the ordeal; they are worthy of all the blessings that may fall to their lot. No fears need be entertained of mediums ever amassing too much wealth together. Fortune, and all that sort of thing, operate rather strongly against them. They are generally chosen from among the poor and illiterate; and generally as their intellects expand their purses contract. How much good can be expected from mediums?

Persons looking at Spiritualism from the standpoint occupied by Mr. B., and at mediums from a notch lower down, certainly do not ask amiss when they propound questions so laboriously propped up with straws, until they assume forms of seeming feasibility, and turn themselves toward us "poor mediums" with an air of learned satisfaction, and composedly ask to be "enlightened on the subject." By all means let them be enlightened! When a man undertakes to ask a question, if possible, he should be answered; but experience, after all, is the most competent instructor of mankind. Verily, an abundance of light would soon dispel the darkness that enshrouds friend B. and others so situated, were they to wander about in the mediatorial harness a few years. Often called to the couch of sickness, where the sufferer—writhing in agony, indescribable agony!—as if "drugged to death," and considered "past cure"—meets your gaze with a dull, hopeless eye; but at the touch of your hand, as by magic, pain recedes, health returns, the eye brightens, and the sufferer is restored to the bosom of his family again. Then, think of it! See the physician recalled! Behold him receiving the credit and the fee! I say, just think of it! Witness the celebrated "Family Physician" congratulating the recovered patient. Hear him pronouncing Spiritualism a humbug, and calling mediums crack-brained fanatics. Coarse epithets slip from his smooth tongue. The confidential tone in which they are addressed fascinates his listeners. His aim is accomplished. Spiritualism is brought into disrepute, and he is reinstated as the worthy family physician. Oh! think of it Mr. B., and like an medium turn away in silence, while that skeleton of a man, both in body and soul—the physician—pockets the dollars, while there he has so unceremoniously supplanted and receiving but ridicule and abuse!

After going through this painful ordeal, year after year, I am half in the thought that you would blush to publish a derogatory "epistle" in the papers on "Mediums Demanding Fees."

Yours with the truth,

W. B. W.

The events of youth are etched in the memory of age as general landmarks made in clay are preserved in stone.

How beautiful in every feature, our eyes which habitually turn to it as with affectionate

PHILOSOPHICAL AND MORAL DEPARTMENT.

IS THERE MORAL EVIL,

AND ARE THERE EVIL SPIRITS?

FRIEND PARAGUKE:

As the above question seems to be fully entered for discussion, and as I have committed myself on the subject, I feel not only warranted in asking a small space in your columns, but called upon to support my position by such testimony, reason, and philosophy as may be available to me.

The issue is this: Is there such a state of moral being as an evil or inverted one—one that is contrary to the true normal state of moral being? and if so, are human Spirits, after leaving the form, still characterized by the same passions and dispositions that distinguished them here? or are they divested of all the ill effects of the earth-life, and made morally pure and unsexed at the dissolution of the body—their vicious habits and propensities thus worn off with it? In other words, is the moral character of man, or at least its evils, a spiritual or a physical attribute? Do these evils pertain to the indwelling soul, and remain with it, or to the physical form, and with it perish?

I seek not this discussion save for the purpose of eliciting truth. Many fear to speak plainly, lest Spiritualism should receive injury thereby; and we are reprimanded for bearing our testimony, because the opposers of Spiritualism make use of it as an argument against all Spirit-intercourse. But if they misuse our testimony, shall we therefore withhold what we believe to be the truth? If Spiritualism can not bear the light, let it fall; if it must be supported at the expense of truth, let it have no support. We seek the light—we desire the truth. We are not wedded to Spiritualism, but to all truth; we seek to sustain no sect, but to "prove all things, and hold fast that which is good." If we are false witnesses, impeach our testimony; if we are deceived, show us the deception; if our philosophy is false, give us the true.

If moral evil does exist—if it is a fact that Spirits of vicious men after their separation from the form do retain all their vicious passions, habits, and loves, and do communicate to men, then is it a dangerous and unwise course to wholly ignore the existence of evil and of evil Spirits? If it is not a fact that man must inevitably progress to purity and harmony, regardless of the invasions and falsities of his earth-life—but if it is a truth, that the Spirit of man will continue to pursue the same course there that he was pursuing here, until he voluntarily reforms and becomes regenerate, and that the impetus in any given direction is constantly augmented by every step taken in that direction—then is it most important that the doctrine that natural progression alone must, and inevitably will, lead the Spirit to a state of purity, harmony, and angel-hood, should be plainly disproved and fearlessly met and resisted.

I have no controversy with any man; but seek only to combat error, and expose what I believe to be a most subtle and dangerous delusion. I do not aim to be a creditor over imaginary evils or to search for unreal terrors, and dwell on the ill, rather than the good, of men and Spirits, but would simply and plainly state to others that which, without my seeking, and contrary to my most cherished faith and hopes, was forced upon me—a firm conviction of the existence of moral evil and evil Spirits.

With a few remarks in reply to Bro. Bly, I will close this article. He is mistaken as to my being confined in a "sectarian nutshell." This he appears to think, is the cause of my peculiar belief. He supposes I have not "progressed" out of my sectarian bondage—that I am still circumscribed by my hereditary faith. This, however, is not my case. Spiritualism found me decidedly sceptical in sentiment. I rejected the Devil theory entirely, and fully embraced the "Harmonical Philosophy," and the doctrine of "natural progression." I believed that ignorance was the only sin, and that men were rather unfortunate than guilty, for their crimes; that they were naturally right, and would naturally and inevitably become pure, harmonious and good. I cordially hated all sectarianism and sectarians, and despised the clergy with a will. I did not, do not, and never intend to, belong to any external church, or subscribe to any fixed and arbitrary creed. I regard all the race as a unit in their natural rights, and acknowledge but one grand distinction between men, that of *moral good and evil*. I do not, as Bro. Bly intimates, measure others by myself, calling them good or bad, as they please or displease me. Perhaps Bro. Bly recognizes no other standard of right than this; if so, he is not to be censured

for continually charging its use upon those who believe in the existence of moral evil as well as good. But I claim that there is an invariable and universal standard of good, by which we must try ourselves as to moral state, and which will determine, as far as it is possible to be determined, that of others. This I shall endeavor to make apparent in a future article.

As to my peculiar place of mediumship, I will only say, that I have never been a public medium, nor ever in this manner, attempted to convince any "skeptical neighbors." Not only have I never given any "tests," but have myself never seen any *forced* manifestations that would convince me of the existence and presence of departed Spirits. My firm conviction of their intercourse with men is not derived from any external tests, but from known principles, and from an *internal* conviction and experience, which, to me, is more sure than any external evidence *can be*, when applied to Spirits and spiritual things. I have an internal consciousness that I have held communion with disembodied Spirits, and that some of them were of such a character, that were they in the body, I should most unquestionably call them vicious. And I suppose it is by this internal consciousness or sensing alone, that the real state of a Spirit can be known. Hence those who have witnessed the physical manifestations, and those only, have no evidence of the existence of evil Spirits. And hence, also, the more pure and God-like one becomes, who thus internally holds communion with Spirits, the more apparent and marked will be the consciousness of this evil state of Spirits, when such are present. In this sense I said, "If he will search for truth, moral purity, love and harmony, and oppose the opposite, something of evil will develop itself." It is so here, and must be so there. I disclaim all pretense of being better than others, for I fall far short of filling the standard of good. And I am convinced that others do also. And anything short of a *full* measure is evil in the degree in which it is short. I have discovered the beam in my own eye, and am endeavoring to cast it out; and I seek in all charity and kindness to point out to my brother the mote in his eye.

As to the sin of those things which I enumerated as having been done and said through me, one of them I do most undoubtedly call sin, namely, swearing. As to the others, I remark, that I did not seek Spiritualism to be converted into a puppet for the amusement of others, nor to seek such diversion or senseless amusement, as I could have far better obtained at an Ethiopian concert or a common circus. I sought for knowledge from higher intelligences—knowledge of the Spirit-home, of its laws, and the state of its inhabitants. I sought to learn something of the country whither I was tending, to discover some of the great truths of being, the realities of life, and of destiny; my relation to the All-Being, the All-Good of the universe. And last, though not least, I desired to learn the state of an honored mother, an angel infant son, and of many friends departed to that mysterious land. I would clasp again the fraternal hand, feel the presence of my boy, my beautiful, my idolized, and once more receive a parent's blessing. But when I sought for fruit, my mouth was filled with ashes; when I asked for bread I received a stone; when I looked for wisdom, folly riddled around me. What wonder I was disappointed, disgusted and despairing? Who would not have been?

When, after encouraging the influence, induced to do so by the sacred name of "mother," signed to my communications (written mechanically through my own hand), when I found myself continually deceived, and made the instrument of deceiving others; when this influence never left me for weeks together, cheating its life up in me at all times, and under all circumstances, persisting "everybody's friend," and several very ancient and high Spirits, and when after being detected in all these deceptions, he became enraged and threatened my insanity, and even physical destruction, because I would not further submit to his control—when all this and much more was the fruit of my search,—I certainly can be excused in calling this influence at least not good; not that of a friend or good neighbor. Not that there was nothing good received also from Spirit, for there certainly was; but there was evil, palpable and apparent to all, mingled with much good advice and exhortation. All this could not fail to destroy my hopes of satisfactorily determining the identity of any spirit-friend, for I was fully satisfied that some Spirits did deceive, and did personate our friends, with the intention of deceiving.

But the most unpardonable of all these personations was the attempt to *wrest from me the control of my own will*. This attempt was most desperate and persistent. I shall speak on this subject further in a subsequent article.

Our aim is truth. What we combat is error and wrong, not man. I would like to hear the testimony of others on this subject.

J. T. CALKIN.

ITEMS BY THE WAY.

MATTERS IN AUGUSTA AND VICINITY.

FRIEND PARAGUKE:

Boston, September 2, 1858.

Permit me through the columns of your valuable paper to make note of a few items, which may not be altogether without interest to some of your readers. If notation is not always *notable*, it may yet not be *unnoticeable*.

I have just returned from a short lecturing trip, and visit to *down East*—to Augusta and the neighboring vicinity. Get but once outside of the area of that town, yet still in Kennebec county, say ten miles or so, and you sight soil where seed sown emphatically falls upon stony places. A more uninviting tract of country I know not of than is thereabouts. It has, indeed the merit of rudeness and ruggedness (everything has its merit), and seems, in places, to be sown with rocks and boulders, as you would a piece of land with corn grains or the seed of wheat. I wonder if some of the primeval battles they tell of as occurring between the gods did not come off in these localities? I say woe must it have been unto the head that struck one of these *crushers*. Still, amid all this unpromisingness and sterility warm hearts are embodied; though as to the heads—how clear or illumined they are perhaps the less said the better.

Augusta itself is a sizable town, intensely exercised in trade, and the "get-and-grab" game. Notwithstanding, however, the faith of facts we have, and the faith of an interior life are not absent. In truth, there is not a little spiritual belief present. Yet the tremendous authority of churchianity confronts the investigator at every step. The spirit of Orthodoxy and the spirit of trade and traffic, and "dicker" and "barter," strike hands to keep the thing afar off. But it is so audacious and persuasive that it glides or walks in, and can not be kicked out by priest, politician, or Mr. Moneyman. I am told that it has put its consecratory hand upon even some of them who are wrapped around with the dignity of the State's Legislative and clerical life. A few lectures from time to time, at lengthened intervals, have been given, I am informed, by Miss Sprague, Miss Gibson, and others, and so public attention has been arrested. I suppose by and by, judging from the like thing come upon other places, "writs of execution" will be issued against the "hull" community. Several very excellent mediums, among whom may be named Mrs. Lincoln, Mrs. Keen, Mrs. Anthony and others, afford to the candid and seriously inquiring and courteous mind, private opportunities of commune with the spiritually living. But seven or eight regular piles of stones—churches I should say—in a population of eight or ten thousand, with big psychologic powers, tell the good people to beware of the demoniac and unclean thing, and many reverently fall down before and obey its words. But like the little Dutch boy, whipt and sent to the corner by the paternal one, for swearing, a tremendous and silent *think* is kept up by the souls of men. I think, the question of a man's income, however, is the more potent here, as elsewhere. I can feel, indeed, for such who would be free, but dare not.

It is to be regretted, if anything is, that some of the nominal Spiritualists in Augusta, keep aloof from the cause in its public presentation. By and by the swell and rise of the spiritual tide will float these, as others, off the sand-bars of fear and policy. The Rev. Sylvester Judd, a noted Unitarian preacher, now translated, once was stationed in Augusta, and must have now and then, from what I can gather of the genius and development of the man, made his hearers a little uneasy. But his gentle, loving, yet individualized nature, made him eminently acceptable. Mr. Judd, I think, must have caught some of the beams of the dawn fast full flooding us now. The neighboring towns of Hallowell, Waterville, and Skowhegan, and farther on, those of Belfast and Bangor, are quite exercised at times by facts and so-called facts from the empire of the invisible.

While I tarried at Augusta the Day-report boys, whose manifestations, notwithstanding the diversity of opinion as to their authenticity and reliability, are so striking, made a visit thereto, and stirred the place by the things done at their *shows*. As usual the cry of "humbug," "deception," etc., was freely indulged in, and one legal man, more eminent, I believe, for assumption and bravado than for ability or a paying practice,

Let us now repay the debt, and ~~immediately~~ ^{immediately} deal justly with men. Let us take the side of down-trodden, oppressed, wronged kind, and if you please, "wicked," "criminal" humanity, we'll defend him against all eminent, living, internal or foreign!

SPIRITUALISTS AND CONVENTIONS.

MR. PARRISH:

Dear Sir:—It may be that I am expected to notice the article of Theodore Glanville, which appeared in the TELEGRAPH of the 4th inst., under the above title. And if I now do so, it is not because I attach any great importance to my opinions, because they are mine. I change my opinions so often, that I have ceased to place any value upon them the moment I am offered a reason for discarding them. I do not know that I hold any opinions, about which I should think it worth while to quarrel. As to Spiritualists meeting in free Conventions, to discuss matters of reform, I am sure I am perfectly willing that they should do so. I would not hinder them, if I could. And yet, I doubt the wisdom or expediency of such Conventions.

I may be a *conservative*—an old fogey—I should not wonder if I was. And yet I am none the less a man, with all the tender sympathies of a man; and I have labored and suffered for the common good. Still, I differ with my friends upon many subjects which revive the assent of the popular mind. I am principled against slavery; but I can not concur in the spirit and action of the Anti-Slavery party. I think them politically and morally wrong. I am in favor of a temperance reform, but I would strenuously resist what is called "prohibition." The Constitution of the United States forbids the enactment of sumptuary laws; and the whole tenor and purpose of our institutions are repugnant to the idea of declaring what a man shall eat or drink. There may be despotism of law as well as of person. But I will go heart and hand in procuring a law to punish drunkenness. This is a misdemeanor; but drinking spirituous liquors is not; nor can it be made so by the combined efforts of all the Legislatures in the Union.

Nor do I believe in the theory of A. J. Davis—a man to whom I feel greatly indebted for his writings, and whom I personally respect as a gentleman—and Mrs. Farnham, that the human race is to be regenerated through harmonious and happy conjugal relations. My observation contradicts that notion. No possible combination of handsome men and women can insure to us a handsome offspring. And the same holds true of good and lovable men and women. Out of twenty such unions, fifteen will result in the production of badly organized children. Thus it is that Nature delights in contradictions, and fulfils at last a wiser purpose in perpetuating inequalities of capacity and condition.

I might go on to show—a I think I can—that social evils are predetermined and ineradicable, though not, for that reason, incapable of certain modifications and meliorations. Why, that grand truth which Spiritualism itself has propounded, that this earth-life is a *REHABILITATING STATE*, and the utter worthlessness of all our theories of universal equality of rights, possessions and properties, and especially of that specious notion that because man is a progressive being, therefore he is destined to reach perfection here in his moral and social condition. Sir, the evils of life have too important an office to perform in our education, ever to be eliminated from this state of being. We must mitigate, and bear them as we can; but we can never remove them. A Rudimental State implies their presence. Religion and civilization may do much for us; but they can not set aside the decrees of Omnipotence; they can not abrogate the laws under which we live and act. All men are selfish, and through a wise provision of Nature, subserve the general good by means of the particular interest. We need that our communities should be more extensively pervaded by the sentiment of justice. But in view of the complicated wants of society, who will say what Justice is?

Now, Sir, I am not opposed to Conventions and Reforms, although I do not concur in their modes of action. Let them go on. But I had rather that Spiritualism were not made to bear the burden of their vagaries. I confess I do not understand what your correspondent means when he speaks of the danger of Spiritualism becoming *sectarian*. Spiritualism is a great fact—a *philosophy*—Truth now seeking exposition and development. There can be no sectarianism connected with it in any way; nor can it ever become in any sense exclusive. It has no church—no priesthood—no denominational character. It never can have any—such a thing is utterly impossible. But it has a work to do, and a reputation to sustain. Spiritualism may be, personally, free-lovers, abolitionists, women's rights, and whatever else they please. But *Spiritualism* may not be so—without losing all claim to the respect and confidence of

those who are not free-lovers, etc. Therefore, I say, it is—or seems so to me—wrong to pledge it to any of these movements, or to make it implicitly answerable for them.

Beside, it is premature to promise that Spiritualism shall do this thing or that thing. It gives rise to inordinate expectation. I hear people saying, "Why, I don't see that Spiritualism makes men and women any better." Suppose it does not; has that anything to do with the facts of Spiritualism? Is Spiritualism any less a truth? If we compare Christian countries with those that are not Christian, may we not say, "We do not see that Christianity makes men and women any better?" Where it has no moral influence, it does not make them any better. It does not follow that a man is necessarily any better because he is religious. Nor will it follow that a man shall be any better because he is a Spiritualist. The natural inference will be, that he is. But neither you nor I have any right to pledge Spiritualism to do any such good work for him.

I like your leading article, "Will Spiritualism Reform the World?" But, Sir, if you suppose that Spiritualism, any more than Calvinism, is going to change man's nature, you will find yourself mistaken. To those who can receive and appropriate the great fact; to such, it will be of inestimable benefit. But to the great masses, it will be a day's wonder. It will wear out their interest. Men and women, in the gross, will always be about the same—circumstances and conditions being the same.

But, Sir, what is Spiritualism? Is this question yet fully answered? I think not. And should it not be fully answered before we attempt to use it as an instrument to turn the world upside down? You say that it makes known the fact that Spirits communicate with men. But does it tell us *who* and what the Spirits are? It is presumed that they are the souls of disembodied mortals. But that is *presumption* only. We have no proof of it, so far. And what are Spirits? It still leaves open the question of man's immortality, the greatest question of all. In this I am deeply interested. Let us explore it—prove it, if we can—take nothing for granted.

THE ANGELS' BOWER AND MOVEMENT.

AN APPEAL.

In as much as a perpetual effort has been made during the last year, and is still being made, to communicate to *Spiritualists* and the world intelligence which purports to be from an angelic source, with regard to the celestial order on earth by which the race is to be harmonized into a universal brotherhood, called by the ancients the Kingdom of God; and whereas, a special effort is now being made to prepare a room in New York for the transmission of this important intelligence, it is deemed possible and quite probable that this purpose might be furthered by a brief sketch of the manner in which the idea of this Spirit-room first originated, which is as follows:

About eighteen months ago, one night, as I lay in bed, I awoke with a vision before me; I saw in an adjoining room, my parlor suspended on the walls, what appeared to be a bunch or cluster of bushes, with a small light the size of a lamp, in the center. This vision at first was very dim on my mind, and excited little or no special thought. But it appeared to me on subsequent nights on a more elaborate scale, and I became seriously impressed that it meant something, and was anxious to know its meaning. It appeared to me from time to time afterward, until it spread itself over the entire walls, ceiling and part of the floor. But everything was indistinct and unintelligible to me. All I knew about it was that it had a spiritual significance, and I was influenced, as I might be impressed, to go to work at it, and its meaning would by degrees come to me, as I progressed with the work.

I accordingly went and purchased material which consisted in a barrel of woodbine and some other evergreens, a large quantity of artificial leaves, paper, etc., and with these commenced embodying the vision as it appeared to me; and after laboring almost incessantly night and day for about five weeks, I succeeded in filling the entire room, the walls, ceiling and floor being completely covered with concentric circles, diagrams, emblematic, purporting to be a pattern of the celestial order of heaven which is now to be on earth. The walls were first carefully and loosely hung with white paper; afterward the representations were placed on the paper made as artificial paper leaves, the color of the whole being white green and yellow (gold), the white representing purity, the green nature, the yellow (gold) holiness. On the floor were emblems which consisted of human figures varying in size from life to that of an infant, in the midst of representations of *garden, temple*, etc. These last representations and emblems had first reference to the order of, and principle that purports to be the resurrection of the dead as taught by Christ and his apostles, and now to be made plain.

When I had the whole finished I found, to my utter astonishment, that I had represented my own dead children, seven in number, as my only wife that it was a representation, at the same time, of every father and mother of the entire race in what

is called the resurrection room. In front of these emblems was the motto:

"THE BEGINNING OF THE FATHER'S WILL BEING DONE ON EARTH AS IN HEAVEN."

The representations were now complete, but they were only a trifle compared to what seemed constantly projected in vision before me. But I could put up no more for want of room. I kept up the representation a few weeks, during which time I was visited by what purported to be an angel of God, who was commissioned from the Most High to give the order and the keys of the kingdom and the resurrection of the dead, being a pattern by which the entire race is to be harmoniously (in due time) united as a Universal Brotherhood on the earth—being a condition looked for by all the people of God since the world began.

I was, however, soon impressed to remove the entire arrangement, which I was informed (although sublime and gorgeous spectacle) was rudimental, premature, and was only, as it were, a tithe to what was to follow, when a room in a more conspicuous place, and one more convenient for the public, could be procured. This entire arrangement was kept a profound secret to everybody except a few friends. I was, however, impressed to preserve a copy of the arrangement, which, with much more, is to be put in another room, so soon as some person or persons, will assist me. To procure such assistance is the sole object of the present meetings, and also of this article. There are a few obscure persons associated with me in this movement, but I am the communicating-medium to the world. Hence I take the liberty here to say that the above knowledge is for the race, and will be given so soon as the room can be prepared. The intelligence is of such a sublime character (being as it is of God the Most High) that it can only be effectually taught by the aid of symbols and other peculiar arrangements, as dictated by angels, in a prepared room. I want then, in short, some persons to furnish means to prepare said conditions for this heaven-sent blessing to man. It would cost, if properly arranged, from one hundred to one thousand dollars. It can be effectually commenced with one hundred—it being a progressive thing—subject to perpetual enlargement, corresponding to the tabernacle and temple of the Children of Israel, but nothing like them—there being also with us what purports to be the ark of the covenant of the new era or dispensation, as predicted by the prophets. Any responsible person of good moral character, who will assist me in this most noble enterprise, will, it is confidently believed, confer on himself and the race an inestimable blessing. I give my services free to him who will help me. He will be remunerated by a proper fee of admission to the room when prepared, which room will serve as a high school to all who wish to learn the true character of angels and God; also the relation man sustains to them, and his true and final destiny on earth.

I. VAN DEUSEN, 164 Taylor-street, Williamburgh.

A VISION.

'Twas on a Sabbath calm and sweet,
I wandered to a lone retreat,
Within a quiet little dell
Where all around the branches fell,
Forming a tent secure from sight,
Through which the sun with softened light
Looked down as when it sinks to rest
Within the cradle of the West.
A babbling brook was near at hand,
Which flowed so gently o'er the sand.
It just the slumbering echo woke,
Which seemed as though a Spirit spoke,
As its low murmur caught my ear,
And seemed my lonely heart to cheer.
For long I'd battled with the world,
The flag of truth I held unfurled,
And with a firm and steady grasp,
I bore it upward to the blast.
And on its ample folds, I trace
The words "PROGRESSION OF OUR RACE."
And with a firm and fearless eye
That would not countenance a lie,
I strove to teach mankind to think,
Nor think themselves on rule's brink
When they by doing what was right
Might wing their onward, upward flight,
To an eternal world of joy,
Of happiness without alloy.
But men looked on and called me mad,
And with a lengthened visage said,
Warned all to heed not what I said
Who would not into vice be led.
But as I still reclining lay,
The little brook pursued its way,
And murmured forth its welcome note,
Which on the summer zephyr float
Unto my ear, and fill my heart
With courage new in every part.
I hear my guardian Spirit say:
"Brother, go on; pursue thy way;
For though dark clouds will sometime come,
Yet in reserve there is a crown;
Then hold out faithful to the end,
Writing a helping hand to lend,
And from the hand of Christ thy lot,
Receive for thy just reward."

YORK CENTER, August 1, 1858.

It is not high crime, such as robbery and murder, which are the pearls of society. The village gas in prison is a family quarrel and bickerings between lighters, middle men, and others, are the worms that eat into all social happiness.

The first thing will be to take each strap and slip it into a loose knot to make them short, and prevent the straps from flying about and hitting him. Then double up the skirts and take the skulls under your right arm, so as not to frighten him with them as you approach. When you get to him rub him gently a few times with your hand, and then raise the saddle very slowly, until he can see fit and smell and feel it with his nose. Then let the skirts loose, and rub it very gently against his neck the way the hair lies, letting him hear the rattle of the skirts as he feels them against him, each time getting a little further backward and finally slip it over his shoulders on his back. Shake it a little with your hand, and in less than five minutes you can rattle it about over his back as much as you please, and pull it off and throw it away again, without his paying much attention to it. As soon as you have

He said to me: "I have been riding the girth. He said to me: 'You do not know how to ride a horse. You should bring up the girth very gently, and not draw it too tight at first. Just enough to hold the saddle on. Move him a little, and then girth it as tight as you please, and he will not mind it. You should not think the p.d. of your saddle is a light thing. You put it on, and then there is nothing to hold it but the girth. It should not have any loose straps on the back part of it to flap about and scare him. After you have saddled him in this way, take a switch in your right hand to tap him up with, and walk about in the stable a few times with your right arm over your saddle, taking hold of the reins on each side of his neck with your right and left hands, thus marching him about in the stable until you teach him the use of the bridle, and can turn him about in any direction, and stop him by a gentle pull of the rein. Always ride him, and have the reins a little every time you stop him. You should always be alone, and have your girth in some light stable or shed, the first time you ride him; the left should be high, so that you can sit on his back without endangering your head. You can teach him more in two hours' time in a stable of this kind than you could in two weeks in the common way of breaking colts out in an open place. If you follow my course of treatment, you need not run any risk, or have any trouble in riding the worst kind of horse. You take him a step at a time, until you get up a mutual confidence and trust between you and him. First teach him to lead and stand hitched; next to squat him with the saddle, and the use of the bit; and then all that remains is to get on him without scaring him, and you can ride him as well as any horse."

SALT MINES IN CRACOW, POLAND.

Bayard Taylor in a letter to the *Tribune* published Aug. 10, 1898:

"After ascending 210 feet we saw the first veins of rock salt in a bed of clay and crumbled sandstone. Thirty feet more, and we were in a world of salt. Level galleries, hewn out from the foot of the main cave; overhead a ceiling of solid salt, under foot a floor of salt, and on either side dark gray walls of salt, sparkling here and there with minute crystals. Here was the chapel of St. Anthony, the oldest in the mines—a Byzantine excavation, supported by columns, with altar crucifix, and life-size statue of saints, apparently in black marble but all as salt as the walls. I discovered by putting my tongue to the nose of John the Baptist. The humid air of this upper story of the mines has damaged some of the statues. Francis, especially, is running away like a dipper, and all of his head is gone except his chin. The limbs of John are dropping off as if he had the Norwegian lep- rosy, and Lawrence has disappeared, than his gradiron could have made, running up and down his back. A bright light burned at the altar, brought into sudden life this strange temple, which presently vanished into sudden darkness, as if it had never been."

"I can not follow, step by step, our journey through the labyrinth of this wonderful mine. It is a bewildering maze of galleries, grand halls, staircases and vaulted chambers, where one soon loses all sense of distance or direction, and drifts along blindly in the wake of his conductor. Everything is solid salt, except where great pieces of town logs had been built up to support some of the dining roof or vast chambers left in quarrying, had been bridged across. As we descended to lower regions, the air became more dry and agreeable, and the salt walls more pure and brilliant. One hall, ten feet in height, resembled a Greek theater, the traces of black, taken out in regular layers representing the seats for the spectators. Out of this single hall 1,000,000 cwt. of salt had been taken, or enough to supply the 10,000,000 inhabitants of Austria for one year."

"After we had descended to the bottom of this chamber, a boy ran along the bridge above with a burning flared light, throwing flashes of blue lustre on the obelisks on the carved walls, vast arches, the entrances to deeper halls, and far roof, lit up with the picks of the workmen. Presently we entered another and loftier chamber, yawning downward like the mouth of hell, with cavernous tunnels opening out of the farther end. In these tunnels the workmen half naked, with torches in their hands, wild cries, fire work, and the fling of mud (which here so reverberates in the impalpable air) give a rough representation of the infernal regions."

"A little farther we struck upon a lake four fathoms deep, upon which was embarked a heavy square boat and entered a phantom tunnel, over the entrance of which was inscribed in salt letters, 'Good luck to you!' Midway in the tunnel, the light at either end grew suddenly illumined, and a crash, as of a hundred cannons blowing through the hollow vaults, shook the air and water in such wise, that our boat had not ceased trembling when we landed in the farther hall. Finally, at the depth of 150 feet, our journey ended, although we were only half way from the bottom. The remainder a wilderness of shafts, pillars and smaller chambers, the extent of which we could only conjecture. We then returned through scores of tortuous passages to some vaults where a lot of enormous blocks to the hips, were busy with pick, mallet and wedge, blocking out and separating the solid pavement. The process is quite primitive, scarcely different from that of the ancient Egyptians in quarrying granite. The blocks are first marked out on the surface by a series of grooves. One side is then deepened to the required thickness, and wedges being inserted under the block, it is split off. It is then split transversely into pieces of 1000 lbs. each, in which form it is ready for sale. These tubs of salt are rounded on the sides and corners until they acquire the shape of large cornucopias, for the convenience of transportation into the interior of the country."

"The number of workmen employed in the mines is 1500, all of whom belong to the upper crust, and it is they who live on the outside of the world. They are divided into parties and relieve each other every six hours. Each party goes out, on an average, a little more than 1000 cwt. of salt in the space of time making the annual yield of 1,500,000 cwt. The men were dressed in a peculiar, healthy-looking dress, and the children, in answer to my questions, stated that their parents could not quite equal to that of other miners. Scarcely a mother could afford to give her child the quantity of the fatness which is usual at 54 days of February, and the year has a far more abundant opening as was supposed to be a sign of the year. The men were not at all in a form of disease induced by the nature of the work, notwithstanding the fact that the air is humid and very hot, even upon the worst work. The worst I saw here remark several rats and were hunted, retaining its quality for centuries. The air is especially dense, the story of men having been known to die in the mine, and having gone through it without ever coming to the upper world. So there goes another interesting fiction of our youth."

"It requires a stretch of imagination to conceive the extent of this salt bed. As far as explored, its length is two and a half English miles, its breadth a little over half a mile, and its width 100 feet. It commences about two hundred feet below the surface, and is then uninterrupted to the bottom, where it rests on a bed of compact sandstone such as forms the peaks of the Carpathian Mountains. Below

this there is no probability that it again appears. The general direction is east and west, dipping rapidly at its western extremity, so that it may, no doubt, be reached much farther in that direction. Notwithstanding the immense amount already quarried, and it will be better understood when I state that the aggregate length of the shafts and galleries amounts to 100,000 feet. It is estimated that at the present rate of exploration, the known supply cannot be exhausted under three hundred years. The tripolite treaty, on the partition of Poland, limits Austria to the production of the present amount—1,500,000 cwt.—of which she is bound to furnish 300,000 cwt. to Prussia, and 800,000 to Russia, leaving 400,000 cwt. for her self. This sum yields her a net revenue from the mines of two millions of florins (\$1,000,000) annually."

"It is not known how this wonderful deposit more precious than gold it is, was originally discovered. We know that it was worked in the twelfth century, and perhaps much earlier. The popular faith has invented several miracles to account for it, giving the merit of it to favorite saints. One, which is gravely published in the history of Cracow, states that a Polish king, who wooed a princess Elizabeth of Hungary (not the saint of the Wartburg) in the twelfth century, asked what she would choose as a bridal gift from him. To which she replied: 'Something that would most benefit his people.' The marriage ceremony was performed in a chapel in one of the salt mines of Transylvania. Soon after being transferred to Cracow, Elizabeth went out to Wladislaw, surveyed the ground, and, after choosing a spot, commanded the people to dig. In the course of a few days they found a salt crystal which the Queen carried to bed with her in her wedding ring, and wore until day of her death. She must have been a wonderful geologist for those days. The bed actually follows the Carpathians, appearing at intervals in small deposits, into Transylvania, where there are extensive mines. It is believed, also, that it stretches northward into Russia and Poland."

SOMETHING ABOUT OYSTERS.

Look at an oyster! In that soft and gelatinous body lies a whole world of vitality and quiet enjoyment. Somebody has styled fossiliferous rocks, "monuments of the felicity of past ages." An undisturbed oyster-bed, is a concentration of happiness in the present. Dormant though the several creatures there congregated seem, each individual is leading the beatified existence of an Epicurean god. The world without, its cares and joys, its storms and calms, its passions, evil and good, all are indifferent to the unheeding oyster. Unbothered even of what passes in its immediate vicinity, its whole soul is concentrated in itself, yet not sluggishly and apathetically, for its body is throbbing with life and enjoyment. The mighty ocean is subservient to its pleasures. The rolling waves wait fresh, and choice food within its reach, and the flow of the current leads it without requiring an effort. Each atom of water that comes in contact with its delicate gills evolves its imprisoned air, to freshen and invigorate the creature's polluted blood."

Invisible to human eye, unaided by the wonderful inventions of human science, countless millions of vibrating cilia are moving incessantly with synchronous beat on every fibre of each fringing leaflet. Well might old Lowenhook exclaim, when he looked through his microscope at the beard of a shell fish. "The motion I saw in the small component parts of it was so incredibly great, that I could not be satisfied with that spectacle; and it is not in the mind of man to conceive all the motions which I beheld within the compass of a grain of sand." And yet the Dutch naturalist, unaided by the finer instruments of our time, beheld but a dim and misty indication of the exquisite ciliary apparatus by which these motions are effected. How strange to reflect that all this elaborate and inimitable contrivance has been devised for the well being of a despised shell fish! Nor is it merely in the work of the members of the creature that we find its wonders comprised. There are portions of its frame which seem to serve no essential purpose in its economy, which might be omitted without disturbing the course of its daily duties, and yet so constant in their presence and position that we cannot doubt their having had their places in the original plan according to which the organization of the mollusk was first put together. The ears, symbols of organs to be developed in creatures higher in the scale of being, antitypes, it may be, of limbs, and antitypes of the human eye, are here, in the oyster, the rudiments of parts to be made out in their details elsewhere, serving, however, and end by their presence, for they are badges of relationship and affinity between one creature and another. In them the oyster enters and the oyster may find some common bond of sympathy and distant kinship."

But the life of a shell fish is not one of unvarying rest. Observe the phases of an individual oyster from the moment of its earliest embryo life, independent of maternal ties to the consummation of its destiny, when the knife of fate shall sever its muscular cords and doom it to entombment in a living sepulchre. How starts it forth into the world of waters? Not, as unlighted people believe, in the shape of a minute, bivalved, protected, grave, hatched, and steady oysterling. No; it enters upon its career all life and motion, flitting about in the sea as gayly and lightly as a butterfly or a swallow skims through the air. Its first appearance is as a microscopic cyster cherub with wing like lobes flapping a mouth and shoulders, unnumbered with inferior cranial protuberances. It passes through a joyous and vivacious juvenility, skipping up and down as if in mockery of its heavy and immovable parent. It voyages from oyster-bed to oyster bed, and if in luck so as to escape the watchful voracity of the thousand enemies that lie in wait or prowl about to prey upon youth and innocence, at length, having grown to a size, it settles down into a steady, solid, domestic oyster. It is then the parent of fresh broods of oyster-cherubs. As such it would live and die, having its shell thickened through old age, to serve as its monument throughout all time—a contribution toward the construction of a high geological epoch, and a new layer of the earth's crust—were it not for the gluttony of man, who, rending this sedate citizen of the sea from his native bed, carries him off to busy cities and the hum of crowds. If a handsome, well-scented, and well-flavored oyster, he is introduced to the palace of the rich and noble, to a ball, or a pheasant, or a poet, to give additional relish to their sumptuous fare; if a sturdy thick-backed, stout-stated individual, he is consigned him to the capacious tub of the street hawk, or the wooden bowl of the pedlar, or the black pepper and pungent vinegar, consumed partly after the fashion of an Egyptian king, he is transferred to the hungry stomach of a cost-monger, or he comes the numerous repast of a successful pickpocket. *Walden.*

Miss Knapp's Hardings in the West.

She Hardings proposes to lecture in St. Louis during the month of December next. Her Sabbath, up to that period are fully engaged, but she would be happy to speak during the week day, at any place in the State of Columbia where her services would be needed. Miss Hardings' engagement in St. Louis terminates the first Sunday in January next, after which she will be happy to lecture for two months in any of the towns in that section of the country. Applications for her services to be addressed to her residence, 191 Grand-street, New York.

WHOLESALE PRICE CURRENT OF PRODUCE & MERCHANDISE.

Produce		Merchandise	
Wheat, No. 1, 100 lb. cwt.	1.00	Flour, No. 1, 100 lb. cwt.	1.00
Wheat, No. 2, 100 lb. cwt.	.95	Flour, No. 2, 100 lb. cwt.	.95
Wheat, No. 3, 100 lb. cwt.	.90	Flour, No. 3, 100 lb. cwt.	.90
Wheat, No. 4, 100 lb. cwt.	.85	Flour, No. 4, 100 lb. cwt.	.85
Wheat, No. 5, 100 lb. cwt.	.80	Flour, No. 5, 100 lb. cwt.	.80
Wheat, No. 6, 100 lb. cwt.	.75	Flour, No. 6, 100 lb. cwt.	.75
Wheat, No. 7, 100 lb. cwt.	.70	Flour, No. 7, 100 lb. cwt.	.70
Wheat, No. 8, 100 lb. cwt.	.65	Flour, No. 8, 100 lb. cwt.	.65
Wheat, No. 9, 100 lb. cwt.	.60	Flour, No. 9, 100 lb. cwt.	.60
Wheat, No. 10, 100 lb. cwt.	.55	Flour, No. 10, 100 lb. cwt.	.55
Wheat, No. 11, 100 lb. cwt.	.50	Flour, No. 11, 100 lb. cwt.	.50
Wheat, No. 12, 100 lb. cwt.	.45	Flour, No. 12, 100 lb. cwt.	.45
Wheat, No. 13, 100 lb. cwt.	.40	Flour, No. 13, 100 lb. cwt.	.40
Wheat, No. 14, 100 lb. cwt.	.35	Flour, No. 14, 100 lb. cwt.	.35
Wheat, No. 15, 100 lb. cwt.	.30	Flour, No. 15, 100 lb. cwt.	.30
Wheat, No. 16, 100 lb. cwt.	.25	Flour, No. 16, 100 lb. cwt.	.25
Wheat, No. 17, 100 lb. cwt.	.20	Flour, No. 17, 100 lb. cwt.	.20
Wheat, No. 18, 100 lb. cwt.	.15	Flour, No. 18, 100 lb. cwt.	.15
Wheat, No. 19, 100 lb. cwt.	.10	Flour, No. 19, 100 lb. cwt.	.10
Wheat, No. 20, 100 lb. cwt.	.05	Flour, No. 20, 100 lb. cwt.	.05
Wheat, No. 21, 100 lb. cwt.	.00	Flour, No. 21, 100 lb. cwt.	.00
Wheat, No. 22, 100 lb. cwt.	.00	Flour, No. 22, 100 lb. cwt.	.00
Wheat, No. 23, 100 lb. cwt.	.00	Flour, No. 23, 100 lb. cwt.	.00
Wheat, No. 24, 100 lb. cwt.	.00	Flour, No. 24, 100 lb. cwt.	.00
Wheat, No. 25, 100 lb. cwt.	.00	Flour, No. 25, 100 lb. cwt.	.00
Wheat, No. 26, 100 lb. cwt.	.00	Flour, No. 26, 100 lb. cwt.	.00
Wheat, No. 27, 100 lb. cwt.	.00	Flour, No. 27, 100 lb. cwt.	.00
Wheat, No. 28, 100 lb. cwt.	.00	Flour, No. 28, 100 lb. cwt.	.00
Wheat, No. 29, 100 lb. cwt.	.00	Flour, No. 29, 100 lb. cwt.	.00
Wheat, No. 30, 100 lb. cwt.	.00	Flour, No. 30, 100 lb. cwt.	.00
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Wheat, No. 34, 100 lb. cwt.	.00	Flour, No. 34, 100 lb. cwt.	.00
Wheat, No. 35, 100 lb. cwt.	.00	Flour, No. 35, 100 lb. cwt.	.00
Wheat, No. 36, 100 lb. cwt.	.00	Flour, No. 36, 100 lb. cwt.	.00
Wheat, No. 37, 100 lb. cwt.	.00	Flour, No. 37, 100 lb. cwt.	.00
Wheat, No. 38, 100 lb. cwt.	.00	Flour, No. 38, 100 lb. cwt.	.00
Wheat, No. 39, 100 lb. cwt.	.00	Flour, No. 39, 100 lb. cwt.	.00
Wheat, No. 40, 100 lb. cwt.	.00	Flour, No. 40, 100 lb. cwt.	.00
Wheat, No. 41, 100 lb. cwt.	.00	Flour, No. 41, 100 lb. cwt.	.00
Wheat, No. 42, 100 lb. cwt.	.00	Flour, No. 42, 100 lb. cwt.	.00
Wheat, No. 43, 100 lb. cwt.	.00	Flour, No. 43, 100 lb. cwt.	.00
Wheat, No. 44, 100 lb. cwt.	.00	Flour, No. 44, 100 lb. cwt.	.00
Wheat, No. 45, 100 lb. cwt.	.00	Flour, No. 45, 100 lb. cwt.	.00
Wheat, No. 46, 100 lb. cwt.	.00	Flour, No. 46, 100 lb. cwt.	.00
Wheat, No. 47, 100 lb. cwt.	.00	Flour, No. 47, 100 lb. cwt.	.00
Wheat, No. 48, 100 lb. cwt.	.00	Flour, No. 48, 100 lb. cwt.	.00
Wheat, No. 49, 100 lb. cwt.	.00	Flour, No. 49, 100 lb. cwt.	.00
Wheat, No. 50, 100 lb. cwt.	.00	Flour, No. 50, 100 lb. cwt.	.00
Wheat, No. 51, 100 lb. cwt.	.00	Flour, No. 51, 100 lb. cwt.	.00
Wheat, No. 52, 100 lb. cwt.	.00	Flour, No. 52, 100 lb. cwt.	.00
Wheat, No. 53, 100 lb. cwt.	.00	Flour, No. 53, 100 lb. cwt.	.00
Wheat, No. 54, 100 lb. cwt.	.00	Flour, No. 54, 100 lb. cwt.	.00
Wheat, No. 55, 100 lb. cwt.	.00	Flour, No. 55, 100 lb. cwt.	.00
Wheat, No. 56, 100 lb. cwt.	.00	Flour, No. 56, 100 lb. cwt.	.00
Wheat, No. 57, 100 lb. cwt.	.00	Flour, No. 57, 100 lb. cwt.	.00
Wheat, No. 58, 100 lb. cwt.	.00	Flour, No. 58, 100 lb. cwt.	.00
Wheat, No. 59, 100 lb. cwt.	.00	Flour, No. 59, 100 lb. cwt.	.00
Wheat, No. 60, 100 lb. cwt.	.00	Flour, No. 60, 100 lb. cwt.	.00
Wheat, No. 61, 100 lb. cwt.	.00	Flour, No. 61, 100 lb. cwt.	.00
Wheat, No. 62, 100 lb. cwt.	.00	Flour, No. 62, 100 lb. cwt.	.00
Wheat, No. 63, 100 lb. cwt.	.00	Flour, No. 63, 100 lb. cwt.	.00
Wheat, No. 64, 100 lb. cwt.	.00	Flour, No. 64, 100 lb. cwt.	.00
Wheat, No. 65, 100 lb. cwt.	.00	Flour, No. 65, 100 lb. cwt.	.00
Wheat, No. 66, 100 lb. cwt.	.00	Flour, No. 66, 100 lb. cwt.	.00
Wheat, No. 67, 100 lb. cwt.	.00	Flour, No. 67, 100 lb. cwt.	.00
Wheat, No. 68, 100 lb. cwt.	.00	Flour, No. 68, 100 lb. cwt.	.00
Wheat, No. 69, 100 lb. cwt.	.00	Flour, No. 69, 100 lb. cwt.	.00
Wheat, No. 70, 100 lb. cwt.	.00	Flour, No. 70, 100 lb. cwt.	.00
Wheat, No. 71, 100 lb. cwt.	.00	Flour, No. 71, 100 lb. cwt.	.00
Wheat, No. 72, 100 lb. cwt.	.00	Flour, No. 72, 100 lb. cwt.	.00
Wheat, No. 73, 100 lb. cwt.	.00	Flour, No. 73, 100 lb. cwt.	.00
Wheat, No. 74, 100 lb. cwt.	.00	Flour, No. 74, 100 lb. cwt.	.00
Wheat, No. 75, 100 lb. cwt.	.00	Flour, No. 75, 100 lb. cwt.	.00
Wheat, No. 76, 100 lb. cwt.	.00	Flour, No. 76, 100 lb. cwt.	.00
Wheat, No. 77, 100 lb. cwt.	.00	Flour, No. 77, 100 lb. cwt.	.00
Wheat, No. 78, 100 lb. cwt.	.00	Flour, No. 78, 100 lb. cwt.	.00
Wheat, No. 79, 100 lb. cwt.	.00	Flour, No. 79, 100 lb. cwt.	.00
Wheat, No. 80, 100 lb. cwt.	.00	Flour, No. 80, 100 lb. cwt.	.00
Wheat, No. 81, 100 lb. cwt.	.00	Flour, No. 81, 100 lb. cwt.	.00
Wheat, No. 82, 100 lb. cwt.	.00	Flour, No. 82, 100 lb. cwt.	.00
Wheat, No. 83, 100 lb. cwt.	.00	Flour, No. 83, 100 lb. cwt.	.00
Wheat, No. 84, 100 lb. cwt.	.00	Flour, No. 84, 100 lb. cwt.	.00
Wheat, No. 85, 100 lb. cwt.	.00	Flour, No. 85, 100 lb. cwt.	.00
Wheat, No. 86, 100 lb. cwt.	.00	Flour, No. 86, 100 lb. cwt.	.00
Wheat, No. 87, 100 lb. cwt.	.00	Flour, No. 87, 100 lb. cwt.	.00
Wheat, No. 88, 100 lb. cwt.	.00	Flour, No. 88, 100 lb. cwt.	.00
Wheat, No. 89, 100 lb. cwt.	.00	Flour, No. 89, 100 lb. cwt.	.00
Wheat, No. 90, 100 lb. cwt.	.00	Flour, No. 90, 100 lb. cwt.	.00
Wheat, No. 91, 100 lb. cwt.	.00	Flour, No. 91, 100 lb. cwt.	.00
Wheat, No. 92, 100 lb. cwt.	.00	Flour, No. 92, 100 lb. cwt.	.00
Wheat, No. 93, 100 lb. cwt.	.00	Flour, No. 93, 100 lb. cwt.	.00
Wheat, No. 94, 100 lb. cwt.	.00	Flour, No. 94, 100 lb. cwt.	.00
Wheat, No. 95, 100 lb. cwt.	.00	Flour, No. 95, 100 lb. cwt.	.00
Wheat, No. 96, 100 lb. cwt.	.00	Flour, No. 96, 100 lb. cwt.	.00
Wheat, No. 97, 100 lb. cwt.	.00	Flour, No. 97, 100 lb. cwt.	.00
Wheat, No. 98, 100 lb. cwt.	.00	Flour, No. 98, 100 lb. cwt.	.00
Wheat, No. 99, 100 lb. cwt.	.00	Flour, No. 99, 100 lb. cwt.	.00
Wheat, No. 100, 100 lb. cwt.	.00	Flour, No. 100, 100 lb. cwt.	.00

